

## The Critic

Published Weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1889.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli, and Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of Nuova Antologia.

### Literature

#### "The Century Dictionary"

IN THIS DAY of elaborate books of reference, it would be impossible to overlook so memorable an undertaking as 'The Century Dictionary.' This sumptuous work—an *édition de luxe*, yet brought within reach of the popular need—will be pre-eminently noteworthy for its exhaustiveness of definition, completeness in etymologies, perfection of illustration and beauty of type. It is the work of about one hundred collaborators, led by Prof. W. D. Whitney of Yale, strengthened in all the scientific and technical directions by specialists of the first rank, and reinforced by the Art Department of *The Century Magazine*. It is not an old dictionary worked over, but a new one from the foundations; new in every respect: in type, in quotations, in arrangement, in the pictorial part, in the definitions, in the combination of encyclopædic with strictly lexicographical information, and in the thoroughness and precision with which the etymologies have been worked out. Hundreds, if not thousands, of words never before gathered and never before 'etymologized' are here explained, correlated with their Continental congeners, grouped logically in their developments of offshoots and meaning, and fortified with new quotations chronologically arranged. A handsome prospectus of the work has just been issued, and the first monthly part will appear in May.

The beginning of the New English is at the beginning of the Twelfth Century. Accordingly the Dictionary begins with Layamon, Robert of Gloucester, 'The Ancren Riwle,' Ormin, 'The Pricke of Conscience,' and other early works, like these of first-rate importance, ransacks them thoroughly for forms, spellings, and meanings, and illustrates each meaning with the earliest discoverable occurrences of the word. Then the explorer proceeds to the works of Chaucer and Wiclif (in the carefully edited Clarendon series of the former), Gower, and the innumerable volumes of the Early English Text Society's publications, taking up words, definitions, and quotations as he goes along, and weaving them in in logical and historical sequence. The next step is to Tyndale, the Book of Common Prayer of Edward VI., Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon and the other Elizabethans, and the Bible. These have been systematically searched, and large numbers of new words, meanings, and quotations never before used have been utilized and embodied in the Dictionary. On the ground from Bacon and the Bible to the Victorian era, numerous readers have been at work, engaged in collecting and verifying quotations, giving exact page, chapter, and line, and in reading several thousand standard works (including all the representative American and English reviews) with a special view to the needs of the Dictionary.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that 'The Century Dictionary' is a *replica* of the English Philological Society's Dictionary, and a garner-house of every usage of a word that has ever occurred. While every important mean-

ing and change of meaning is registered with its appropriate quotation, this Dictionary will contain only about 200,000 words, while the Philological aims to embody about 240,000. The former number, however (embracing some 10,000 new scientific terms gathered from 'The Encyclopædia Britannica' alone, and many thousand others from heraldry, art, provincial English, Lowland Scotch, colloquialisms, slang, and Americanisms), will amply illustrate every phase of English orthoepy, orthography, standard usage, and dialect divergence, and will show far the largest number of words ever gathered until the remote period when the Philological shall be complete.

While the Twelfth Century is the limit *ad quem*, the limit to which the spellings and definitions run for the modern student and consulter who likes to begin with the Victorian era, it is, on the other hand, only the starting-point of the vast linguistic and etymological journey which a word, simply as a word—more especially an important word,—takes in its various and multifold connections with other languages. Naturally the Twelfth Century fades imperceptibly into the Semi-Saxon period, and this into the Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon periods. Accordingly, the Semi-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Anglo-Saxon forms are given from authentic sources, all the authorities being consulted and verified anew, and where necessary quoted in their own spellings. The next step carries the etymologist (under charge of Dr. C. P. G. Scott) across the German Sea to the cognate Old Saxon, Old Friesian, Old Dutch and Old and Middle Low German forms; these connect immediately with Old High German, Middle High German, and Modern German; and then come connecting links with Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian; the last step in this series being the Gothic. At this point the Latin, Greek, Slavonian, Celtic, and Sanskrit congeners are taken up, and the etymology ends in the root-form recognized by most scholars as forming the basis of Indo-European speech. If the word is a Romance word, the Channel is crossed and a new etymological tracing begins: Old French and Modern French, with their dialects; Provençal, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Walloon (all rooting in the mother Latin); and thence to Greek, Sanskrit, etc. This illustrates sufficiently the etymological process, which is painstaking and exhaustive in the extreme, yet so carefully compressed within abbreviations and symbols easily explained that the consulter can catch the drift of an etymology at a glance.

Such an etymological statement stands at the head of all important words; after which follow the definitions with their divisions, sub-divisions, technicalities, the phrases into which they enter, literal and transferred meanings—in short, the history of the word in chronologically arranged quotations. The page is printed in triple columns, about the size of the page of the Philological Society's Dictionary (quarto), and in the 26 specimen examples before us shows exquisite discrimination and care, a great number of different types being used to differentiate between pronunciation, definition, quotation, etymologies, etc., and an elaborate yet simple system of cross-references enabling a 'seeker after truth' to ascertain and combine a large amount of information relative to individual words. Homonyms (words spelt alike but having different meanings), and suffixes identical in spelling but varying in origin, are intelligently distinguished by figures, and the latter are discussed like separate words in their alphabetical places. There will be about 6500 triple-column quarto pages of the size indicated in the completed work. As there will be twenty-four (monthly) parts, it will be seen that almost an entire section will be given to each of the letters of the alphabet. These parts, issued in strong flexible bindings, can afterwards be gathered into six volumes of a little more than one thousand pages each. These volumes will include among the 200,000 separate words at least 30,000 technical, idiomatic, and colloquial phrases; over 300,000 definitions; about 200,000 illustrative quotations taken from 2000 authors, great num-

\* The Century Dictionary. Edited by Wm. Dwight Whitney. 24 monthly parts, beginning May, 1889. \$2.50 each. New York: The Century Co.

bers of abbreviations and foreign phrases (entered in alphabetical order in the body of the Dictionary), and between 5000 and 6000 illustrations, some 5000 of which have never before been engraved.

The American spelling is adopted, though the alternate English spelling is always given (*colour, centre* as well as *color, center*, etc.). About 5000 new words and senses have been collected in biology alone. The departments of biology, botany, anatomy, the natural sciences, art, theology, law, mythology, electricity, and philology are all in charge of such specialists as Coues, Riley, Gill, Whitney, Thacher, Sereno Watson, Ward, Seymour, Dana, Mendenhall, Peirce, Thurston, Lyman and Austin Abbott, Ludlow, Russell Sturgis, Pratt, Lyle, and Green; and synonyms are specially treated by Prof. H. M. Whitney. We need call attention to but one or two specimens of the work as contained in the prospectus (the letter A and the word *case*) to show the enormous labor and the extreme accuracy of the work. The history and treatment of the former fill two or three closely printed columns, and are accompanied by every possible form and phase and usage of the letter, from the figured Egyptian hieroglyphic form of it to 'A 1' as used by Dickens in 'Pickwick Papers' and Lloyd's. The word *case* fills over three columns and gives encyclopædic information on every phase of the subject medical, grammatical, logical, legal; quotes many celebrated 'cases,' such as the Amistad, the Bates, the Dred Scott, the Dartmouth College, the Civil Rights, Tichborne, Tennessee Bond, and Virginia Coupon, etc. Among words miscellaneous selected, over two columns are given to *canal*; one and a half to *bark*; nearly two to *Catholic* (including Catholic Emancipation, Old Catholics, Catholic Apostolic Church, etc.); *brilliant*, 1½ columns; *base*, nearly two; *angle*, two, etc.; many of them with elaborate and beautiful illustrations. Indeed, if the four pages of illustrations given in the prospectus are specimens of what this part of the work is to be—and there is every reason to believe that they are,—then it may be said that no dictionary has ever been so artistically and finely illustrated before. The illustrations in zoölogy, architecture, sculpture, botany, and the other sciences surpass anything we have seen in this line. As a whole, the work is the most remarkable ever undertaken in this country—a monument of American enterprise, intelligence, skill and culture worthy of this centennial year.

#### Thomas's Edition of de Bury's "Philobiblon" \*

BOOK-LOVERS, book-makers, and in particular the makers of books about books, have long lacked any good edition of 'Richard de Bury's Philobiblon,' our first Anglican treatise on the character and care of the treasures of the library. Prof. Henry Morley lately included Inglis's translation in the sixty-third and final volume of his useful 'Universal Library,' where it was lumped together with three dissimilar and unimportant treatises of other times or lands, the whole appropriately entitled 'A Miscellany.' Other editions are practically inaccessible; and though more than one bibliophile, bibliopole, or society has thought of making a new and more adequate edition of the 'Philobiblon,' the task has waited for the zeal, patience, and ability of Mr. Ernest C. Thomas, late scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and Librarian of the Oxford Union.

The edition is so good, in its details of editing, translation, and mechanical execution, that the critic feels inclined to utter his censures first, in order that praise may come last and remain in the reader's mind. Accordingly it is to be said that Mr. Thomas's pseudo-archaic English is not always consistent; that, with all his liking for the book on which he has spent so much time, he does not seem sufficiently to appreciate the weight of the purely internal evidence for de Bury's authorship of the treatise; and that the

tone of the 'postscript' to the introduction (which, like the great 'theory of moulds' in Burnand's 'Happy Thoughts,' 'upsets everything') seems more suitable for the fourth edition of an evening newspaper than for so scholarly an undertaking as this.

But the merits of Mr. Thomas's work are great enough to insure a ready sale for the 750 copies printed, from type, for England and America. The editor has examined every edition; collated all accessible manuscripts; thereby secured a far better Latin text than has heretofore been accessible; prefixed an exhaustive biographical sketch and bibliographical introduction; and freshly translated the book, in a style which moves so swiftly and pleasantly that one finds it a restful evening amusement to read the whole at a sitting. The puns of the old Bishop he cleverly transfers: 'libros non libras maluimus' becomes 'we wanted manuscripts, not money-scripts'; and a close comparison of the translation with the original does not catch him tripping, though he sometimes unnecessarily alters the Latin order. The chief merit of the translation is its fluency, or its transparency, so to speak; we pass directly to good old Richard himself, with all his egotism and mild Pharisaism, his 'contrary virtue' of love of learning and desire to promote reading and education; his asperity toward dirty book-users, money-getters, and opinionative young priests; and in brief, his piety, his wit, his usual common-sense, and his occasional far-fetched arguments. He deplores the alleged destruction of the Alexandrian library in language eloquent enough for Sir Thomas Browne; he leads us, in clever phrase, 'from the body of the Sacred Law to the booklet of yesterday'; he seeks to point out veritable 'royal roads' for scholars, not monarchs; he defends the 'pious fraud' whereby secular poetry may subserve allegorical purposes of religious instruction, 'the delicate Minerva secretly lurking beneath the mask of pleasure'; and he displays a full knowledge of the 'infinite puerilities' of youthful sciolists, even following them into their minor habits, such as scribbling on the margins of costly volumes. This Latin Bishop of Durham, five centuries ago, had no idea that the English vulgar tongue would supplant his ecclesiastical dialect, and that in it would be written the greatest and most wide-spread literature of the world; but so it is, and the wit and wisdom of the 'Philobiblon' prove to be salutary in the closing years of the Nineteenth Century, in helping us to use and appreciate the 3,000,000 volumes of our American public libraries.

The book is well printed at the Chiswick press, on hand-made paper, with rough edges; and it is artistically bound in smooth red buckram, gilt top. The only misprint we have caught is 'got he' for 'go the' (p. 173).

#### "The Dead Leman, and Other Tales" \*\*

MR. LANG's elaborate apology for presenting these delightful short stories from the French to an English public brought up on three-volume romances strikes us as odd if not 'archaic.' In this country, the acknowledged leader of the Anglo-Saxon race 'in this kind,' the short story is now as indispensable as the short editorial, the short article or short clothes: to defend it would be to apologize for a short cut: to fear it is to go back to the days of tallow candles and mail-coaches. The British audience, however, must not be 'jostled': it has had its three-volume so long that it has become a second-nature; consequently Mr. Lang and his friend Sylvester write a very deprecatory preface, mercifully entreating the British public to be amused—nay, even delighted and entranced—at the expense of consistency and historical association, more particularly as the canny Scot and his collaborator are about to set before it a dish exquisite and rare—seven terminable tales (as against the interminable ones of the Island) gathered from the repertory of Théophile Gautier, Mérimée, About, Tolstoi, Th. Bentzon, and Balzac. To make the pill more appetizing

\* The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, Treasurer and Chancellor of Edward III. Edited and translated by Ernest C. Thomas. \$3.75. New York: Lockwood & Coombes.

\*\* The Dead Leman, and Other Tales from the French. By Andrew Lang and Paul Sylvester. \$2. New York: Scribner & Welford.



it is dressed in beautiful English as fine-drawn and artistic as translated English may well be: the result being a septet of masterpieces each as perfect as scholarship and care can make it, falling little behind the masterpieces of Poe and Hawthorne whom Mr. Lang classes as at the head of the tellers of *contes*. To be sure, there is 'Wandering Willie,' there is 'The Beleaguered City,' and 'Thrawn Janet;' but these (with the exception of Walter Scott's) are just a trifle behind the incomparable Americans. In its direct descent from the old *fabliau* and the rhymed tales of Lafontaine, the French short story has impregnated itself with all the elements of swiftness and grace and dramatic surprise that coined the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles' and 'The Hép-tameron' at once into glittering coin of the realm, and shot them into boundless popularity. English prudery forbids absolutely that these tales shall be read or translated or imitated, the result being—the aforesaid three-volume pigtail drawn out to interminable length.

In the tales before us the 'touch of pitch' is there, but it defileth not, or, like other pitch, has been changed into brilliant aniline dyes whose gorgeousness forbids moral contamination. 'The Dead Leman' is Gautier's 'La Morte Amoureuse,' and the translation abounds in a felicity of phrase peculiar to Mr. Lang. 'The Doctor's Story,' at the end of the book, had (like 'The Dead Leman') already been translated in this country under the title (we think) of 'La Grande Bretèche.' About's contingent is 'These Lots be Sold'—one of the kind of light short stories in which, as in 'The Uncle and Nephew,' he was without a rival. Mérimée's stories are 'The Capture of a Redoubt' and 'The Etruscan Vase.' The chief value of the collection is as an object-lesson: to show how translations ought to be made; how to 'pour from a vessel of gold into a vessel of silver'; how, in a word, to translate without 'trading.' 'Good men,' said an ancient, 'are statues of the gods.' Good translations, it may be added, are even more godlike because more rare.

#### "Aristotle and the Christian Church" \*

THE CONCORD SCHOOL of Philosophy is in a state of syncope, at present, but all lovers of culture must wish it speedy and permanent resuscitation. If for no other reason, its existence is justified by the publication of such monographs as the one before us on 'Aristotle and the Christian Church.' This is an essay by Brother Azarias of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and was written at the request of the Concord School of Philosophy as a contribution to its Summer Session of 1887. The author, who is a true *philosopher* and enamored of his theme, has made diligent and masterly use of documents not long since discovered and only recently available. He has been thus enabled to place before English readers the true record of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards the philosophy of Aristotle, from its condemnation by the Council of Paris in 1209 to its full recognition by the Legates of Pope Urban V. in 1366. He is certainly successful in throwing light upon an obscure corner in the history of philosophy. He also vindicates the schoolmen from the charge of having been unduly influenced by the Aristotelian discipline. In thirteen brief but pregnant chapters, and in fascinating literary style, Brother Azarias works out his theme, showing the influence of the mighty Greek in the West and in the East, among the Arabs, in the Church and in the university.

We know of no such luminous treatment of the Saracenic intellectual movement in Spain, its method, results and limitations, as that which the author gives in the chapter on 'Aristotle and the Arabs.' It is a most wholesome corrective of Draper in his 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' and is an honest piece of literary work, since the author gives references and authorities. While liberally

\*Aristotle and the Christian Church. By Brother Azarias. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

allowing to Aristotle a mighty external influence upon the chivalrous mediæval knights of thought, who attempted to do for the Church in the realm of thought what the Crusaders did in the tented field, the author contends that the inner spirit and guiding principles of their philosophy were far different from those of the Greek. 'The philosophy evolved by them is as distinct from that of the Lyceum, as Saint Peter's is from the Parthenon.' The little brochure covers but one hundred and thirty-six pages, and has an index and a rich mass of notes as meaty as ripe nuts in October. The monograph is outwardly a dainty bit of book-making, and inwardly a most delightful pocket-piece of enjoyment for those who revel in high thinking.

We hope Brother Azarias has more polished shafts like this in his quiver; for be he admirer of Cardinal Manning as his preface shows, or devotee of Sakyamuni, or follower of Herbert Spencer, we recognize in the scholar and thinker behind the name, a true member of the philosophic fraternity. May Concord revive, to warm into life such literature as this.

#### Poems New and Old \*

WE BELIEVE we are correct in saying that 'The Afternoon Landscape' (1) is Col. Higginson's first volume of verse. It is thirty-six years since he in company with Mr. Samuel Longfellow edited 'Thalatta: a Book for the Seaside,' and it is to that little brown-covered book that we must go to find the fruits of his poesy which ripened before his long season of prose set in. During these thirty years we have come to know him as the writer of delightful essays, appearing occasionally in the magazines and regularly in *Harper's Bazar* to which they lend the chief literary charm. Only in the last five or six years has he renewed his attentions to the lyric Muse, and the best things in the present collection are the outcome of this second courtship. Reading his verses one cannot help feeling that the author has written only when he has had something to say, and, as we know, when he says anything it is worth the saying. The work in this dainty volume is characterized by a sincere thoughtfulness, a beauty of expression, and a delicate finish which are rarely found so evenly blended. Among the best things are 'A Jar of Rose-Leaves,' 'Waiting for the Bugle,' 'The Baby Sorceress,' 'The Lesson of the Leaves,' all of which have lately been seen in the magazines, and some of the renderings of Petrarch. Col. Higginson is evidently a sonnet-lover, and that he understands the use of the sonnet is shown in his examples, which are full of feeling and admirably balanced. Read this, 'To the Memory of H. H.:'

O soul of fire within a woman's clay!  
Lifting with slender hands a race's wrong,  
Whose mute appeal hushed all thine early song,  
And taught thy passionate heart the loftier way,—  
What shall thy place be in the realm of day?  
What disembodied world can hold thee long,  
Binding thy turbulent pulse with spell more strong?  
Dwell'st thou, with wit and jest, where poets may,  
Or with ethereal women (born of air  
And poet's dreams) dost live in ecstasy,  
Teach new love-thoughts to Shakspeare's Juliet fair,  
New moods to Cleopatra? Then, set free,  
The woes of Shelley's Helen thou dost share,  
Or weep with poor Rosetti's Rose Mary.

Poet, publisher and printer have combined to make this poetical afternoon landscape glow with loveliness.

A sumptuous piece of book-making,—handmade paper, large type, generous margins, and with a fine portrait of the

\* 1. The Afternoon Landscape. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. \$1. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2. Poems and Translations. By W. J. Linton. London: J. C. Nimmo. \$5. New York: Scribner & Welford. 3. Poems. By Arthur Hugh Clough. \$2. New York: Macmillan & Co. 4. Master: a Drama. By John Ruse Larus. \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5. Echoes from the Blarney Stone, and Other Rhymes. By W. C. R. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 6. Vibrations of my Soul. By Rev. Sipko Rederus. Brattleboro, Vt.: Frank E. Housh & Co. 7. Forward Forever. By William J. Shaw. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. 8. Song of a Century. By W. T. W. Barbe. Parkersburg: White & Baker. 9. Selections from Tennyson. By Profs. Rowe and Webb. 75 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

artist-and-poet author,—is Mr. W. J. Linton's 'Poems and Translations' (2), of which only a limited edition has been printed and the type distributed. As the publishers tell us, this volume includes nearly all the poems in the author's previous books, which were 'Claribel, and Other Poems' and 'Love-Lore,' together with many translations, in the original metres, from the French, heretofore unpublished. It is as a wood-engraver that Mr. Linton is best known: as a literary man he is remembered as joint editor with Mr. Stoddard of those excellent volumes of 'English Verse' which appeared a few years ago. The verses in this new volume show that Mr. Linton has a pleasing fancy and an agreeable felicity of expression. Many of them possess a grace and simplicity that are refreshing, none more so than 'Love's Blindness,' which is, perhaps, a fair type of all. This and 'Love and Youth' were quoted in our notice of 'Love-Lore,' Oct. 29, 1887. We make room now for 'Faint Heart':

Faint heart wins not lady fair:  
Victory smiles on those who dare.  
There is but one way to woo:  
Think thy Mistress willing too;  
Leave her never chance to choose,  
Hold her powerless to refuse!

If she answer thee with No,  
Wilt thou bow and let her go?  
When, most like, her No is meant  
But to make more sweet consent:  
So thy suit may longer be,  
For so much she liketh thee.

Never heed her pretty airs!  
He's no lover who despairs;  
He's no warrior whom a frown  
Drives from his beleaguer'd town;  
And no hunter he who stops  
Till his stricken quarry drops.

Aim as certain not to miss;  
Take her as thou wouldst a kiss!  
Or ask once, and if in vain,  
Ask her twice, and thrice again:  
Sure of this when all is said,—  
They lose most who are afraid.

Of the translations, which are often excellent, there are many,—something from nearly every one of the French poets. One of the best is from Théodore de Banville's 'L'eau dans les Grands Lacs Bleus.' The book is divided into three parts, 'Love-Lore,' 'Early Poems' and 'Translations'; the first title would be appropriate to the whole, for it is love that has made the author's heart and head go round.

The admirers of Arthur Hugh Clough's poetry will be glad to have the new and revised edition of his 'Poems' (3) which has just been published. Convenient in size, typographically neat and clear, and embellished by a steel portrait of the author, it is altogether the most satisfactory edition we know. All who have read the 'Bothie of Tober-na-Vouchich' or 'Mari Magno,' know what delight there is to be found in this book, and for the sake of these poems alone we would commend it to all lovers of poetry. To those who are yet unfamiliar with the writings of Clough we would say that the charm of the author lies in his refined sentiment and poetic interpretation of philosophical and metaphysical questions. What he says interests and stimulates one. His poems are the product of a thoughtful and scholarly mind gifted with a happy power of expression in poetic form. We know of few poems that can give to the reader so great a feeling of exhilaration and such a keen sense of enjoyment as the 'Bothie,'—it is like a walk on the hills in the freshness of morning: while the short poems like 'Qua Cursum Ventus' and 'The Wishing Gate' have a quiet beauty about them that makes the author dear to his readers.

'Mastor' (4), by Mr. John Ruse Larus, is a long and tiresome drama wherein the characters converse in blank-verse, and occasionally dip into rhyme. They are Mastor,

Lucifer, Knowledge, Theodora, Faustina, sundry Prophets, and a full choir of Angels. Mr. Larus lets Mastor get as far as the sixth heaven and there leaves him: by this time the reader—if he have gone so far—is ready for either the seventh above or below.

'Echoes from the Blarney Stone' (5) are principally in dialect, 'and Other Poems' are principally nonsense. 'Vibrations of my Soul' (6) is by the Rev. Sipko Rederus. (What's in a name!) Listen to this 'vibration':

My uncle had a daughter,  
A good, sweet child was she,  
I loved his little daughter,  
The little girl loved me.

She was a goose: Sipko is—a gander. 'Forward Forever' (7) is a reply to 'Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After,' which we are sure neither the Laureate nor his readers will take the trouble to read. 'Song of a Century' (8) is a Centennial Ode which was read at Morgantown, W. Va. We have read odes that were better.

Able edited and carefully printed is the volume of 'Selections from Tennyson' (9) which Profs. Rowe and Webb, of Presidency College, Calcutta, have prepared for the Macmillan Series of English Classics for Indian Students. The brief introduction which is prefixed is an admirable setting-forth of the chief peculiarities and qualities of the poet's work; the thirteen selections which follow are fairly representative; and the eighty pages of notes are very complete and fully explanatory of the words and passages to which they refer. The editors have succeeded in making a text-book suited not only to Indian students, but to all students of English literature.

#### Recent Fiction

'PASSE ROSE,' by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, is an exceedingly charming German mediæval romance of the time of Pepin. Passe Rose was one of those little gypsy sprites whose souls seem the incarnation of wind, sunshine, and light. She had wandered about since her babyhood, now with mountebanks, now with merchants, now with the army into Lombardy, till finally she was adopted by the good Werdric, the gold-beater of Maestricht, and his wife Jeanne, with whom she lived with such decorum as her free little spirit could maintain. The whole management of the story is delightful. And without being the least wearied by forced instruction, one gets clever impressions of the personality of the King, of his Court, of the legends of the time, of the state of religion in the monasteries, and of the *esprit* of the army. Especially notable is the opening scene of the book, where the ill old abbot sits asleep out in the convent orchard, while the monks in solemn hypocrisy pray for the recovery which they hope will not be granted. Imaginative in treatment, graceful in style, the romance is a veritable bouquet of fiction just held in form by the leaves of history. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'VAILLANTE,' by Jacques Vincent, must have been crowned by the French Academy because it was so startlingly moral. It is a kind of elderly fairy-tale, and has as great a diversity of scenery and incident as a spectacular play. The heroine is a lowly maiden who drives a donkey-cart. She saves the life of an aristocratic Syrian maid, and is adopted by the grateful family and brought up in Eastern splendor. The fortunes of the family are destroyed by an earthquake, and then the heroine develops a marvellous voice and supports the family by her singing. There are some good bits of description, but the characters are very much over-drawn. Halévy seems to be about the only one of the French writers who can write a book that is both good and clever. (60 cts. Wm. R. Jenkins.)—'A HAPPY FIND,' translated from the French of Mme. Gagnebin by E. V. Lee, is a tolerably good story of French life and character, but one which hardly seems worthy of translation. There is the time-worn plot of the baby who is found in a hedge and adopted by a kindly old maid. It grows up to be a charming girl, who finally meets her grandfather, a rich old hermit, who takes a great fancy to her, and then dies from the shock of the discovery of their relationship. He leaves her a convenient little fortune, and she marries a rich manufacturer who turns out to be the boy who found her in the hedge. (\$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—'A DANGEROUS CATSPAW,' by David Christie Murray and Henry Murray, is a story that is one-half as clever as David Christie Murray alone can write. It is lacking in the



cynical and subtle character studies that he usually gives us, and is only one more of the detective stories to which so many writers who ought to do better work are devoting themselves to-day. The web that weakness and circumstances weave about young Esden is well managed, but his character does not appear to be consistent with the attributes ascribed to him in the beginning. For its kind it is good, but we expect something of a higher order from the pen of David Christie Murray. (30 cts. Harper & Bros.)

CLEVER NOVEL that it is, 'Esther Denison' is overcrowded with incident and character, as Adeline Sergeant's stories are apt to be. True as may be the postulate that our lives are but the result of countless other lives and minds throwing their weight into our scale, it is nevertheless dangerous within the limits of a novel to attempt to demonstrate this by actual illustration. Esther Denison was the daughter of a non-conformist minister, and from the simple beginning of her life in a country village to the complicated ending, where she marries a man whose former wife, instead of having been drowned at sea, was rescued, and returns after many months to claim her own, the book is a remarkable pageant of vivid scenes. Nothing could exceed the elaborateness or the ingenuity of the work. But it is too busy a book to excite deep feeling, and the scenes are too fleeting to be impressive. The characters are drawn with great cleverness. Nina, fretful and unreasonable, is however more clearly pictured than the earnest, unselfish, forcible Esther—perhaps because it is easier to analyze the destructive and defective points of character than to construct a personality out of abstract virtues. (\$1. Henry Holt & Co.)

SO DELIGHTFUL was 'Sidney Luska's' 'Latin Quarter Courtship,' with its charm of incident, grace of conversation, and gayety of style, that we took up 'Grandison Mather' almost reluctantly, feeling fearful that it would detract from the pleasure he had so lately given us. We felt this all the more strongly, too, because we were told in the sub-title that it was 'An Account of the Fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gardiner.' It seemed questionable, at least, whether Mr. Harland could make a story interesting by beginning it where the great majority of stories end—namely, with two young people just married and at the zenith of their happiness. But the first chapter banished our doubts, and showed us that we were to know the same pleasure that we found in 'The Latin Quarter Courtship,' and something else—an absolutely faithful picture of ordinary life. We do not know of a story wherein the people think, act and speak more naturally. The experiences that come to Tom and Rose are just such as come to young married people in their circumstances; the hopes, the fears, the depressions and exhilarations of heart and soul, all these are here just as we find them in our own lives. Not a dull line, not a careless sentence, not an improbable situation or an untrue picture is there from cover to cover. The movement is spirited, the style engaging, and the story intensely interesting. The first requisite of a novelist is to be able to tell a story: Sidney Luska (or Mr. Henry Harland, as we prefer to call him) is a born story-teller; but the quality which enables the novelist to give to his story the bone and muscle of reality and truth, is genius. With such stories as 'Grandison Mather' before us, we shall be willing to forget Sidney Luska's earlier stories, brilliant and clever though they were. (\$1.25. Cassell & Co.)

'ALAN THORNE,' by Martha Livingston Moody, is a religious novel designed to check the growing unbelief of the age and to lead, step by step, the wandering speculative soul back into the bosom of orthodoxy. There is good literary workmanship in the book; the Corbin family are well drawn, and there are scenes of considerable humor and pathos. But in her earnestness to fulfil a purpose, the author has been betrayed into confining within a special creed virtues and ethics that are the heritage of every religion. To the same purpose she has at times sacrificed the consistent development of her characters and made them mere puppets. (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.)—TWO LITTLE STORIES, poetic and imaginative, are 'Giotto's Sheep' and 'The Rose-Bush of Hildesheim,' by E. M. Waller. They embody the idea that one is led to the contemplation of spiritual truth through its earthly symbol, beauty; and to this end both art and nature tend. The books are handsomely printed and illustrated. 'Giotto's Sheep' contains photogravures of the famous sheep of Giotto on the Campanile, of one of Michael Angelo's figures from 'Day and Night,' and of Florence. 'The Rose-Bush of Hildesheim' is the story of a little maiden whose mother had wished her to be a nun. Wilful and petulant, she had declared she would be none other than a maid of honor and walk in the train of a Princess. And when she grew up, she did walk in the train of royalty; but it was as a sister of mercy when the Princess Alice visited the hospital wards of Darm-

stadt to comfort the dying soldiers. The book has pictures of quaint German village streets. (\$1.50 each. Estes & Lauriat.)

'A DREAMER OF DREAMS,' by the author of 'Thoth,' is a cleverly conceived story. Through the supposed death of his cousin, the rightful heir, a man comes into possession of a vast fortune. Suddenly the cousin turns up in good bodily health and of a mind to enjoy his inheritance. The dreamer of dreams finds himself confronted with the fact that between himself and this enormous sum of money stands merely the person of a foolish, imperfectly endowed human being. The temptation to be the instrument of this creature's taking-off overcomes him. He yields so far as to leave a goblet of narcotized wine within his cousin's reach. His intention constitutes the crime, for in reality the cousin drank but part and only fell asleep. But to the hero, who had rushed back to save his cousin from touching the wine, he seemed in truth dead. At this discovery he fell into a dream, the capacity for dreaming being one which he had, by applying the results of scientific and psychic research, brought to a curious perfection; so that his mind carried on with increased intensity its last waking thought. Usually these dreams had been the entrance to the delightful garden of the imagination. But in this case the evil in his soul was multiplied like the voice of an echo. His one wicked action begot others, and he lived in a subjective hell of evil by comparison with which the poverty he awoke to seemed a paradise. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

#### Minor Notices

THE FRENCH have long been noted for the admirable cleverness of their scientific text-books. The 'Primer of Scientific Knowledge,' by the late Minister of Public Instruction, Paul Bert, is an excellent example of its kind. The author proceeds in the reverse of the usual order of subjects, giving the first part of his book to an examination of the human frame, with its osseous, alimentary and nervous systems, and such remarks on their functions as may easily be comprehended by, and be of use to, small children. He then proceeds to describe the animal kingdom, its principal divisions and the distinctions on which they are based; the vegetable world, stones and their uses; and lastly gives a view of the elementary facts of physics and chemistry. This primer has been translated and carefully adapted to the needs of American schools, and, being abundantly illustrated and provided with summaries, lists of questions and of subjects for composition, it may truly be said to be an admirable little book of its kind. Not the least of its many merits is its small size; for it is a marvel of compression. (36 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—THE 'Centennial Inauguration edition' of 'Appleton's Dictionary of New York,' in addition to the mass of information about the city, contains the official programme of the Centennial celebration, a short account of the history of New York city, and a list of places of historic interest yet in existence. Considering the very useful nature of the body of the work, this appendix should make it more likely to answer its purpose as a souvenir than any other we have seen; for it will, of course, be often consulted, and will each time remind its possessor of the glorious three days through which we have just passed. The information in the book is brought well down to date. Even the organization of the Aldine Club so recently as in March is included in it. (30 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

FROM THE PLEA that it is everybody's duty to look as well as possible, Miss Anna Morgan draws the corollary that every one should study Delsarte's method of acting; and she has supplied the means, so far as in her lies, by writing a short account of it—'An Hour with Delsarte,' illustrated with outline drawings of various poses and expressions by Rose Mueller Sprague and Marion Reynolds. Delsarte, as most people know, has systematized the rules consciously or unconsciously followed by most great actors and actresses, relating to the carriage of the body, pronunciation, and the expression of the emotions. Miss Morgan gives a clear and not too prolix account of his system, and her co-laborers on the book have illustrated very happily her remarks, though the attitudes selected by them are often more decorative than expressive. (\$2. Lee & Shepard.)—THE miniature 'Postal Dictionary' compiled by Edward St. John, publisher of *The Evening Post*, might well be studied by those who are responsible for the official guides not only of the Post Office but of our railroad and other large business offices. Here, in pocket form and in alphabetical order, are hints which may save much trouble to any one who makes frequent use of the mails. It is in two parts, of which by far the larger is devoted to 'Domestic Mails,' 'Foreign Mails' taking but a few pages. Each part is indexed separately. (15 cts. *The Evening Post*.)

IT MAY POINT to a revival of interest in the career of the first Napoleon that two of our publishing-houses should bring out, almost simultaneously, copies of the latest English edition of Bourrienne's Memoirs. Each of these American editions is in four volumes, well enough printed and substantially bound in cloth. The steel-plates of the original edition are copied by the Messrs. Scribner by means of photo-engraving. Messrs. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. have preferred engaging the services of a not very artistic wood-engraver; in their list of illustrations the names of the steel-engravers only are given, and not those of the maker of the wood-cut reproductions. Messrs. Crowell's edition is further distinguished from Messrs. Scribner's and from the English original by a really valuable index. The map of Napoleon's dominions, at the end of the third volume, is also larger in their edition than in the competing one, and they have added the luxury of gilt tops. The Scribner edition was in the field a week or two sooner than its competitor. The price of each is \$5.

STICKNEY'S READERS, in the series of Classics for Children, carries out a good idea in a thorough manner. Beginning with the Second, selections are made from old story-books and modern children's magazines, the compiler being assured that children will read best that which they best like to read. In the Fourth Reader we come to fairy-tales from Jean Macé, poems by Longfellow and Lowell and stories by Miss Andrews and Lucy Larcom. In the First Reader, no novelties of this sort have been introduced, but an effort has been made to make as little difficult as possible the transition from easy words to hard and from large type to smaller. The four volumes are fully illustrated.—IN No. 2 of Messrs. Heath's 'Nature Readers,' Mrs. Julia McNair Wright takes a stroll with her boys and girls by wayside and seaside, and talks familiarly and instructively of ants, worms, flies, beetles, barnacles and starfishes. In No. 3 the talks are continued, being now about plants, their food and their manner of growth, and again about night-flying insects and about birds and fishes. The volumes are illustrated from pen-and-ink drawings, in some of which objects of a kind are grouped together, as various sorts of fruits and seed-vessels, or moths, butterflies and sphinxes. Averse as most children are to this sort of reading, and strangely indifferent as they are to informing themselves about the goings and doings of 'the green myriads in the peopled grass,' it would seem impossible for even the least observant of them to go through one of these lessons without some quickened desire to continue the study, and some beginnings of an enthusiasm that must surely grow. (No. 2, 25 cts. No. 3, 55 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

MR. ROBERT LUCE'S pamphlet 'Writing for the Press' has reached its third edition—a fact which sufficiently proves that it meets a want felt by many. It gives concise instructions about the preparation of printer's copy, about composition, some questions of grammar and choice of words. Good advice is given to young journalists, and there is much useful information about type and paper, printing and binding. A list of books likely to be of service to writers is added. (50 cts. Boston: Writer Pub'g Co.)—LAIDLAW BROS. & CO. have issued in a convenient pamphlet the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, with translations into French and German printed in parallel columns with the English text. These translations, by A. H. Laidlaw, Jr., have been revised by Profs. Hellmrich, Schroeder and Fezandí, and appear to give the spirit as well as the sense of the original documents. Marginal notes advise the reader of the nature of the colonial governments, of the Articles of Confederation and the several steps toward the adoption of the Constitution. An appendix contains some additional information of like importance.

#### Magazine Notes

*The North American Review* for the merry month of May has for its opening article an expostulation addressed by the Mexican Minister to the United States, Señor M. Romero, to those who would annex his country. He believes in the development of trade relations but not in annexation. Viscount Wolseley begins what promises to be a very interesting review of our Civil War, basing his theories concerning it mainly on the data collected by the Century Co., to which concern he gives full credit for the excellent work it has done in its War papers. He seems inclined to examine the situation from the Confederate point of view, probably for the sake of clearness, as a defensive situation can always be more accurately appreciated than that of the attacking force. He plainly shows a professional inclination to blame the civil authorities for everything that goes wrong, in charging that Jefferson Davis

was the worst enemy of the Confederacy and the prime cause of the failure of its General's plans. Dr. E. E. Hale entertains generous hopes of the Republic, which, however, he attaches to 'The Tree of Political Knowledge' planted by the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship. Capt. C. W. Kennedy describes several striking incidents of 'Peril on the Atlantic,' and Dion Boucicault some of the experiences of the scarcely less perilous 'Early Days of a Dramatist.' H. H. Boyesen dissects 'The Hero in Fiction'; Grant Allen writes of 'A Persistent Nationality,' the Tuscan, to which he attributes much of the grandeur of ancient Rome and most of the force of modern Italy; R. R. McMahon has some timely remarks on the 'Use and Abuse of Civil-Service Reform,' and Gail Hamilton a few words 'In Josephine's House.' Rebecca Harding Davis, Rose Terry Cooke, Marion Harland, Catherine Owen and Amelia E. Barr examine the question 'Are Women to Blame?' for domestic infelicity? Of course, they answer in the negative. In the 'Notes and Comments' Philo H. Sylvester recommends the immediate recognition of two new words, 'typoscript' and 'graphotype,' for typewriter manuscript and the machine which produces it.

The *raison d'être* of *The Nationalist*, a new Boston monthly of which the first number lies upon our desk, would seem to be—Edward Bellamy. Its purpose, as defined in a motto taken from the Constitution of the Nationalist Club of Boston, is 'the nationalization of industry and the promotion of the brotherhood of humanity.' Five pages are given up to an account of the formation of this Club, its object being 'to spread the ideas contained in your [Mr. Bellamy's] book, 'Looking Backward.' The leading article is the author's account of 'How I Came to Write' that interesting bit of fiction; and this is followed by a poem of Col. Higginson's, entitled 'Heirs of Time' and 'inscribed to Edward Bellamy.' The names of Mr. Bellamy and his book appear frequently in other parts of the magazine.

The *May Forum* is conspicuous by the variety of its contents: politics, women, Darwinism, Christianity, political economy, education, fiction and old age are treated of. Emile de Laveleye warns us of the 'Perils of Democracy,' though what he says applies more to France than to the United States; while E. L. Godkin's paper on 'The Republican Party and the Negro' applies to the United States only, and deals with a subject the importance of which to both parties cannot be overestimated. Grant Allen discusses 'Woman's Place in Nature' by disputing Prof. Ward's article on 'Our Better Halves' in a recent *Forum*. Prof. Ward declared that 'woman is the race,' which statement Prof. Allen flatly denies. 'All that is distinctly human is man,' he says, 'the field, the ship, the mine, the workshop; all that is truly woman is merely reproductive—the home, the nursery, the schoolroom.' When professors disagree who shall decide? St. George Mivart tells us 'Where Darwinism Fails,' which would seem to show that he regards it as a retrogressive belief. 'The Christianity of Christ' is discussed at some length by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (the Ward is omitted from her name), who sums up her argument in two stanzas. Put into plain prose, it is that, be he man or God, Christ is worthy of all the worship that is given Him, Fredk. B. Hawley reviews 'Edward Atkinson's Economic Theories,' while President Wm. De W. Hyde tells what he thinks of school examinations, and it is not complimentary, to say the least. In a paper on 'Success in Fiction' Mrs. Oliphant writes most entertainingly, but without laying down any rule or pretending to solve the problem. 'In a year which has consumed edition after edition of "Robert Elsmere" and done precisely the same thing for "Mr. Barnes of New York," what can one say?' Assemblyman Ernest Crosby shows up very plainly the evils of 'The Saloon as a Political Power.' What he says deserves wide reading, and should stir up a slumbering, easy-going people to action. A paper on 'Art in Popular Education,' by James M. Hoppin, and one by James Payn on the decadence of his hearing, bring the number to a close.

In the *May English Illustrated* a new story by Clark Russell is begun; it is called 'Jenny Harlowe.' Among the illustrated papers are 'A Peep into the Coal Country,' by G. Blake Walker; 'Abingdon,' by Louis Daris; and 'A Cat Without a Tail,' by Miss Kate Carter. Further additions to the mass of literature called forth by this week's Washington Centennial celebration are contained in the *May Magazine of American History*; wherein, also, the history of President Harrison's family is explored and exploited. With the beginning of the new volume of *American Notes and Queries*, a number of improvements are promised in the arrangement and make-up of the paper. Portraits and personal sketches of George Bancroft, Miss Sally McLean, author of 'Cape Cod Folks,' and Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, author of 'The Story of Margaret Kent,' are given in the *May Book Buyer*.



## The Lounger

HOWEVER we may deplore the political degeneracy of the age we live in as compared with the standard set by Washington's administration, no such disheartening comparison can be drawn between the leaders of the Church in America a hundred years ago and their successors of the present day. In no American churchman of the past century, I venture to believe, were scholarship, wisdom, tact, administrative capacity and a truly Christian spirit more happily combined than they are to-day in Bishop Potter of this Diocese; in none could there have been more of the spirit of the old missionaries and martyrs than there is in that venerated hero of the frontier, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota. I name but these two, though others could easily be named who worthily uphold the dignity of the Church and carry on its great traditions; and the reflection is suggested by reading Bishop Potter's address of April 30 in the pulpit from which, just one hundred years before, New York's first Bishop had conducted the service attended by President Washington immediately after his inauguration.

IT IS NOT the voice of one crying in the wilderness: it is a voice lifted up at the very centre of American civilization, and certain to be heard to the farthest borders of the land. The suggestion that there could be any impropriety in contrasting the methods of the past with those of the present on such an occasion and in the presence of Washington's successor, shows a ludicrous misconception of the ministerial calling. Had Bishop Potter felt that he could not speak as freely as he did, he should have declined to enter the pulpit. To the fact that he had so clear a conception, not of his privilege, but his duty, we are indebted for the most striking and permanently valuable utterance called forth by the centennial celebration—an address breathing the noblest spirit throughout, and freighted with such eloquent and inspiring sentences as these:

We have dispensed with the old titular dignities. Let us take care that we do not part with that tremendous force for which they stood! If there be not titular royalty, all the more need is there for *personal* royalty. If there is to be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent—a character in them that bear rule, so fine and high and pure, that as men come within the circle of its influence, they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the Royalty of Virtue!

IT WOULD SEEM to be incredible, and yet it is a fact, that a bill may pass the New York Senate and Assembly this week, which authorizes a concern known as the Niagara Hydraulic Electric Company 'to enter upon and cross over the lands of this State below the top of the bank of the Niagara River,' for the purpose of constructing and erecting machinery for the manufacture of electricity. It is only a few years since the State paid several hundred thousand dollars in purchasing these lands, clearing them of the unsightly shops and sheds that disfigured the neighborhood of the Falls, and beginning the work of restoring the borders of the stream to their natural condition. Yet in face of the popular sentiment which made this reformation inevitable, speculators more grasping and impudent than those who had to be ousted by the Government at such large cost, are now clamoring to have the State undo its own good work.

*The Sun* of Sunday last speaks very severely, but not unjustly, of what it calls 'a small but wanton book of verse,' and the reviewer ends his review with the following query:

What motive influences her and the hundred and one female poets of passion who have read Swinburne and Dante Gabriel Rossetti till their highest literary ambition is to strip themselves of all the garments of modesty and pose as Bacchantes before the American people? We all know what they lose when they order Shame out of their new Edens, but what do they imagine they gain by the expulsion? This is one of the mysteries of the day. The motive can hardly be mercenary, for there is no market for stuff like this, and still less is there honor or fame in the achievement. For what reward are they so assiduously cultivating roses of flame in a soil which the soles of their slippers ought never to touch? What do they think they gain by publicly exhibiting themselves in simulated erotic delirium when they ought to be at home mending their little brothers' stockings, or qualifying themselves to cook, some day, a good man's dinner?

'FOR WHAT REWARD,' good sir? Are you not aware that there is a reward which, to a certain class of men and women, is greater than money, greater even than fame—the reward of notoriety? Would these women become notorious if they stayed at home 'to mend their little brothers' stockings,' or even if they wrote books of decent morality? A column criticising their vulgarity, the looseness of their printed morals, is better suited to their purpose than a

few lines extolling their literary virtues. Would their quarrels, their hair-dye, and their dress-makers' measurements be discussed in the newspapers if they stayed at home and darned socks?

IT IS A SATISFACTION to know that this notoriety is usually short-lived. By the audacity of these writers they have attracted a certain amount of unpleasant attention to themselves; but in the long run the American public does not care for erotica. It likes something more serious to read than the sort of stuff that has been foisted upon it of late. The daily press is largely to blame for the present state of things, for with an irresponsibility that is appalling and bad taste that is contagious and demoralizing, it has generally catered to the craze of these writers for notoriety, and poured into the ears of an indifferent public the most trivial details of their private lives. But we have had enough of it, and it is time the editors of our 'great dailies' inquired into the abuses of their columns. I think, too, that if the men who 'write up' these women would stop a moment and reflect, they would put their clever pens to some better use.

I DO NOT WANT to be that much-despised person who looks a gift-horse in the mouth, but really I cannot help smiling, in my sleeve, at the announcement made, with all impressiveness, in a morning paper, that 'Lord Ronald Gower's masterpiece' (*sic*) will be presented by his Lordship to the City of New York. This 'masterpiece' is the head of the Savior, and Lord Ronald has commissioned Mrs. Frank Leslie to act for him in the matter of its presentation. He is 'determined' to give the bust to the City of New York 'in order to show his love for its citizens,' and Mrs. Leslie is 'thoroughly delighted that New York City is to get so magnificent a gift.' The officials of churches and museums are invited to visit her 'and attend a meeting where the final disposition of the bust will be decided upon.' St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Metropolitan Museum of Art are mentioned as suitable repositories; but my imagination is not lively enough to see Archbishop Corrigan or President Marquand waiting upon Mrs. Leslie for the gift of this or any other bit of Lord Ronald Gower's handiwork.

IN the autobiographical fragment which stands at the beginning of Mr. Parke Godwin's *Life of William Cullen Bryant*, the poet writes:

While I was occupied with the *Æneid*, my father wrote to me advising me to translate some portion of it into English verse. Accordingly I made a rhymed translation of the narrative of a tempest in the first book and sent it to my father, but got no commendation in return. I had aimed to be faithful to the original, but the lines were cramped and the phraseology clumsy. I wrote rather better when I had no original to follow.

Bryant was fourteen and a half years old at the time, and the translation referred to in his autobiography has never seen the light. It was enclosed in the following letter:

BROOKFIELD, April 4th, 1809.

RESPECTED FATHER: You will doubtless find in the preceding lines much that needs emendation and much that characterizes the crude efforts of puerility. They have received some correction from my hands, but you are sensible that the partiality of an author for his own compositions, and an immature judgment, may have prevented me from perceiving the most of its defects however prominent. I will endeavor to the utmost of my ability, to follow the excellent instructions which you gave me in your last. I have now proceeded in my studies as far as the seventh book of the *Æneid*. . . . The federal party here is now strengthened by the addition of a considerable number. . . . The family are still favored with their usual degree of health. But I must conclude.

Your dutiful son,

W. C. B.

THIS LETTER and the translation are now included in the Webster Collection of autographs in the Iowa State Library, to which they were added by Mr. John Howard Bryant of Princeton, Ill., the poet's brother. Together they cover a full sheet of old-fashioned foolscap paper, much creased and worn and very brown. Mr. Aldrich has kindly had them copied and verified for me, and as a curiosity of American literature I print the following lines, constituting the first part of the fragment—about one-fifth of it, I should judge:

Eolus spoke, and with exerted might,  
Impelled his spear against the mountain's height:—  
Straight the freed winds forsake their rocky cell,  
And o'er the earth in furious whirlwinds swell,  
The southwest wind with frequent tempests dire,  
Fierce Eurus, and the raging south conspire,—  
Disclose the ocean's depth with dreadful roar,  
And roll vast surges thundering to the shore:  
The cordage breaks, the seamen raise their cries,  
Clouds veil the smiling day, and cheerful skies;—  
Blue lightnings glare, redoubled thunder rolls,

And frowning darkness shrouds the dreary poles,  
While instant ruin threatens every eye,  
Flung on the waves, or lowering from the sky!  
Relaxed with shuddering fear, Æneas stands,  
And groaning, raises to the heavens his hands:—

'Thrice happy ye who died in war,' he cries,  
'In stately Troy, before your parent's eyes,  
Why fell I not, Ixionides, by thine hand,  
On Trojan plains, thou bravest of thy band?  
Then might I lie by mighty Hector's side,  
Or where Sarpedon, great in battle, died;  
Where, with impetuous torrent, Simois rolls  
The arms and bodies of heroic souls.'

### Newspaper Americanese

THE 'free and independent' popular press is to be complimented upon its rapidly progressing emancipation from the trammels of the English of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Washington Irving, and John Bright. That belongs to the mere past. The only question that can henceforth interest progressive minds is as to the patriotic boundary of the journalistic neology. The time seems ripe for THE CRITIC to lay down rules, or the bases for some system that shall guide these lingo-tinkers in patching-up the Americanese of the future. This first bagful of gatherings is humbly contributed towards the heap of good and rubbishy material from which the stones of the new wing must be selected.

They broadly classify themselves as the hyper-elegant and the sub-slanguy. The native babe is born 'elegant' and elegance never leaves him until it dismisses him in an 'elegant' coffin. To beautify an 'elegant' sentiment with 'elegant' if elephantine rhetorical frilligigs, is the highest delight of the 'elegant' orator, who despises 'plain' English. His interest in simple words becomes compound when he can use three syllables instead of one; so he tells his 'lady-laundrer' as she 'operates' her mangle that of his own 'volition' he has rung the 'annunciator' to ask the 'janitor' to tell the 'reportorial interviewer' of his 'retiracy' from his candidacy. He thinks it is more blessed to 'donate' than to give, and more refreshing to bathe in a 'natatorium' than in a bath. He is introducing the elegant 'al' (which so enriches the bald 'conversationist') into 'dentalist,' 'factionalist' and probably 'contortionalist.' A good-looking person is a failure unless he is 'nice-appearing,' and the eloquence of a popular parson is not 'elegance' unless he preaches in the fashion of the famous divine who assured us that we, his hearers, were less 'emotive' than we should be, because the 'attrition' of 'oppugnant' cares prevents our hearts being 'impleted' with the grace which would inspire us with a 'genetic idea,' and substitute 'pellucidity' for 'the Church's fuliginous heat.'

Our literary friend's servant (should it not be 'servitoress'? e.g., poetess, editress, tailoress, Presidentess, sovereigness, etc.) 'disremembered' whether her employereess had 'fixed' either her hair, or her attire, or her appointment, or her mind, which showed that the domesticess was very 'illy-informed.' As 'illy,' in fact, as she might be as to the elegant pronunciation of a 'prayer' prayer or a 'clayey' yard. (As 'carpenter' shop is never disfigured with the possessive case, it would be wrong to say a prayer's prayer, though it is right to call the New Year 'New Year's.')

It would never do to print in any Americanese paper that the late Emperor of Germany did what Sir M. Mackenzie wrote—*vis*, 'ate' his dinner. Elegance demands that the Irish-sounding preterit shall be suppressed, and so we read that the Emperor 'eat' his dinner. May we 'sug-jest' 'eated' as a not painfully exaggerated compromise? That a Saxon dead-house is more elegant when Frenchified into a 'morgue' than Latinized as a mortuary, goes without saying, though it smacks less of the breezy independence of true Americanese than such home-made elegancies as this reply to a question: 'Well, I guess he *meals* here, but he don't *room* here.' Yet one would perhaps 'as leave' have the foreign mode as the native, sometimes. Our model 'conversationalist' never states or alleges, he 'claims'; nor does he grant, he 'lows.' He never resolves or decides, but invariably 'concludes' to begin anything. He never gives, produces, or supplies, but 'furnishes' the cash to furnish his house.

In no department of true progress is the popular press more ambitious or successful than in that of spelling-reform. Its genius breaks out in a nettle-rash of beauty-spots all over the contents-bills ('bulletins' for elegance) that adorn the windows of the New York newspaper offices. Daily we are dazzled by triumphs in big letters of which these are a single day's samples. 'A BIG SCANDLE.' Certain politicians are 'ANGRY AND DISORGANIZED.' A 'CHIEF' of a Fire brigade is promoted. A meeting of 'WOMEN' is announced, and there is news about 'DR. KACKENZIE.' It is not necessary to remark how vigorously the columns of the dailies ful-

fil the promise of their headquarters' windows. Suffice it to illustrate how the progressive spelling spreads outside. An elegantly painted notice-board in the best part of Fifth Avenue states that 'seperate rooms' may be rented. Two furniture-moving firms have the same words, 'seperate rooms,' boldly painted on their showy vans in what may be described as 'guilt' letters. There are 'quite a few' similar elaborations on public view. At High Bridge two signboards threaten that trespassers will be 'Proscuited' according to 'low.' In Eighth Avenue one shopkeeper informs us that 'We are sellin good chees'; and another mystifies the stranger by inviting attention to the price of 'ladies drowers.' A large hotel in Brooklyn has an elaborate gilded signboard which assures us the house is 'allways open.' In the middle of Broadway is (or was, for many months) a large and expensively painted pictorial boarding, advertising an insurance society. One prominent line named the scale of compensation from a minor accident up to 'total dish-ability.' When the same advertisement afterwards appeared on the cover of an illustrated serial, the spelling was again progressively reformed into 'total disibility,' but the 'ability' to 'dish' the effete old English spelling deserves the palm. To transmogify the late lamented Julius into 'Coeser' five times running in one paragraph was the record-smashing feat of a brilliant (colored) weekly; and yet the *Tribune* claims honorable mention for a recent editorial, which began thus: "'What's in a name?'" contemptuously exclaims *Juliet*. Yet, had he lived in the days of Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar he might have changed his mind.' And a laurel leaf shall be donated to the *World* for its daring pioneer example in progressively chronicling that the 'fareophagus' of Napoleon I. is 'guarded by gendarms.'

From spelling-reform to reformed pronunciation is but a step, yet we must skip all allusion to this beyond noting that the Governor of New York prefers to make '*viva voce*' rhyme with 'I've a dose,' and enjoins his hearers to pronounce 'engine' 'en-jine.' Which recalls the excellent New York bookseller who asked our opinion of his elegant editions of 'Chow-sir,' the 'Vie-car of Wakefield,' and the poems of 'Lay' Hunt, re-christenings which seem rather what the *Herald* calls 'sphinklike.'

By way of contrasting the superior elegance and utility of the new cult, so far as it is developed, over the old, it may be well to expose the flimsiness of the objections to progressive reform as set forth in the following

### FRATERNAL EXPOSTULATION.

Says plain John Bull to smart Uncle Sam—  
Sore puzzled, dear friend, I really am  
At the mysteries every day is revealing  
In what I suppose I must term your 'speling.'  
Why rob the travel(l)er of his *l*, so 'willful,  
And stick it, though quite useless, into 'skillful'?  
Why make a reveller a 'reve(a)ler,'  
And a repeller into a 'repe(a)ler'?  
His bravery who never quailed nor failed,  
We say's unequalled, but *you* say 'e-qualified!'  
A worshipper, I find, as my wits grow riper,  
Is here 'worshiper'; is a slipper—'sliper'?  
And has good old Agrippa turned 'a griper'?

No doubt you'll make a capital 'defense,'  
But, till you do, I doubt your inno-'sense.'  
This second *o*, now, does it not 'behoove'  
That you should either 'proove' it, or 'remooove'?  
As 'scheme' is hard, and 'schedule' is 'sked-ule,'  
Should not a 'skeptic' write 'skeme,' 'skism' and 'skool,'  
And 'sceptre' 'skepter' by the self-same rule?  
And when you say policemen have a 'clew,'  
Why don't you add, their coats are good 'trew blew'?  
But most of all, dear go-ahead neighbour,  
Why do you give yourself the labour  
To knock their *u*'s out, and from 'colour'?  
It spoils their look and the rhyme seems duller.  
If it's a case of saving 'labor'  
(Not much in writing 'saber' for sabre),  
You should write them 'honur,' 'culur,' 'rumur,'  
Which has the true flavour of Yankee humour,  
And is quite correct, as a test will show,  
For we use the *u*, but not the *o*.  
By the same rule, if rule it be,  
Some charming improvements I foresee;  
Our 'hour' may lose its rhyme with flower,  
Or keep it, though defaced as 'hor,'  
And 't'would make the sweetest face turn sour  
To have poor *u* cut out of it—'sor'!  
Cast all such words in this *u*-less 'mold,'  
And you then, most fitly, re-name Jay 'Gold.'

This slight on *u* seems frivolous,  
Ridiculous and perilos.  
It was famos fun (my letter ran)



When 'the battle-scarred' old veteran  
Was printed 'battle-scarred,' because  
The second 's' against your laws!  
'T was worse when again the printer blundered,  
And the 'bottle-scarred' veteran fumed and thundered!

Dear Sam, you do mind your p's and q's,  
Just give an odd thought to your o's and u's,  
Or a slip might be made (it *would* be a funny 'un)  
And your glorious Union be mis-spelt 'Onion'!

ARGUS.

### A Marble Arch for Fifth Avenue

THE suggestion originally made in THE CRITIC of April 27, that the wooden arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue be replaced with a marble one from the same designs, has not fallen upon deaf ears. On Thursday of last week (May 2) the Centennial Sub-Committee on Art and Exhibition held a special meeting to consider the matter, and after a brief discussion adopted the following resolution:

The Committee on Art and Exhibition recommend to the Committee on Plan and Scope the formation of a special committee for the purpose of erecting in permanent form, at the entrance of Fifth Avenue in Washington Square, the arch, designed by Stanford White, for the centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington.

Later in the week, at a meeting of the Committee on Plan and Scope, the Art Committee itself was authorized to take the matter in charge; and at a meeting held at the Metropolitan Opera House last Monday evening, a committee composed as follows was organized to carry on the work:—Henry G. Marquand, Gordon L. Ford, Richard Watson Gilder, Hjalmar H. Boyesen, John L. Cadwalader, William A. Coffin, William E. Dodge, Alexander W. Drake, Charles Henry Hart, Daniel Huntington, Francis D. Millet, Charles Parsons, Oliver H. Perry, Charles H. Russell, Jr., F. Hopkinson Smith, Lisenard Stewart, Rutherford Stuyvesant, Edward D. Adams, Samuel D. Babcock, Edward Cooper, R. W. de Forest, Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, Mayor Grant, William G. Hamilton, Brayton Ives, Eugene Kelly, J. Hampden Robb, Charles S. Smith, William R. Stewart, William L. Strong, Russell Sturgis, George W. Vanderbilt, James M. Varnum and J. Hood Wright. The first seventeen of the above names are those of members of the Centennial Art Committee. Mr. Marquand was elected Chairman, Gen. Fitzgerald Vice-Chairman, Mr. Gilder Secretary, and William R. Stewart Treasurer. The following Finance Committee was chosen: Edward D. Adams (Chairman), Brayton Ives, Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, J. Hood Wright and Charles S. Smith. A resolution was adopted,

That the Finance Committee proceed at once to collect subscriptions amounting to \$100,000 to construct, with permission of the proper authority, a marble arch to be designed by Stanford White and to be placed near the site of the present temporary arch designed by him, and the further sum of \$50,000 to place upon the same appropriate decorations in sculpture.

It was announced that checks payable to Wm. R. Stewart, Treasurer, might be sent to the Mercantile Trust Co., Equitable Building. Before the original Art Committee's existence expired, a resolution was passed, thanking the sixty-five subscribers to the fund for the erection of the temporary triumphal arch, and Mr. White for his designs.

President David Banks of the St. Nicholas Club has addressed the following letter to Mayor Grant:

It is the opinion of the members of this Club, that a suitable monument should be erected in New York City to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States. The members of the St. Nicholas Club will subscribe \$1,000 toward the erection of an arch, to be placed at the head of Fifth Avenue, opposite Washington Square.

This prompt and liberal action of the St. Nicholas Club has been followed by the starting of a subscription-list by the Society of American Artists, and the Salmagundi Club's adoption of a resolution worded as follows:

This Club heartily indorses the idea of erecting a permanent memorial of the Washington Centennial, in the form of a marble arch, in Washington Square, at the entrance to Fifth Avenue, and earnestly recommend that it be built after the general plan of the structure now standing, and under the supervision of the architect whose temporary design has met with such universal approval.

Mr. Henry G. Marquand, Chairman, and all the members of the Committee are enthusiastic in their support of the proposition to secure for New York a work of art that will be not only one of the chief ornaments of the Empire City, but a standard by which to gauge similar monuments to be erected hereafter. Had such an arch been in place before the recent celebration was begun, we venture to say the construction of the architectural shams and

monstrosities at Twenty-third and Twenty-sixth Streets would never have been authorized. Property owners in the neighborhood of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue are heartily in favor of the erection of a permanent arch at the point proposed—that is to say, either on the site of the present one, or just across Waverley Place, inside the limits of the Square. There is every reason for keeping the permanent arch very near the site of the temporary structure. Whether it should be on the upper or lower side of the cross-street is a matter of less consequence. In either case it could be seen equally well from Fifth Avenue; but if it were just below Waverley Place, it could also be seen from all sides of the Square. Its bases, too, could be wider and therefore in better proportion; and the marble edifice would have the further advantage, sentimentally regarded, of actually standing in the Square named in honor of the hero whose services it is designed to commemorate, and which otherwise is unmarked by any memorial of his fame.

Already several thousand dollars have been subscribed in sums of \$1000 each, and there will be other contributions equally large in amount—though not so many, we trust, as to deprive the subscription of its popular character. The movement is cordially supported by the press, *The Commercial Advertiser* being conspicuous in the effort to push it forward by enlisting the coöperation of persons in moderate circumstances as well as those of larger means. It is understood that the children in the public schools will be given an opportunity to contribute to the fund.

It is a fortunate thing that the arch has been exhibited in a more or less tentative form, since the criticism it has received, though almost wholly of a favorable character, cannot be otherwise than advantageous to Mr. Stanford White when he comes to perfect his designs for the lasting monument. As suggestions are in order, we venture to offer the following—namely, that Mr. St. Gaudens be commissioned to make a statue of Washington, to surmount the arch as the carved wooden figure does now; an equestrian statue, perhaps.

### The Fine Arts

#### Death of Prof. Robert W. Weir

PROF. ROBERT W. WEIR, father of Prof. John F. Weir of the Art Department of Yale College and of the well-known painter Julian Alden Weir, died at his residence in this city on Wednesday May 1. Prof. Weir was himself an accomplished painter, and the author of many historical and other pictures which displayed real talent and a sound technique. He began to study art at nineteen under John Wesley Jarvis. Soon after he went to Florence to pursue his studies and painted there his first important work, 'The Angel Relieving Peter' and 'Christ and Nicodemus.' In 1825 he left Florence for Rome, and in 1828 he became an Associate member of the National Academy. Next year he was elected an Academician. In 1832 he received the appointment as instructor of drawing at West Point Military Academy, which he held until 1874. Since then he has resided in New York. Among his numerous works are 'The Landing of Henry Hudson,' painted in 1842; 'The Indian Captive'; 'Taking the Veil'; 'Church of the Holy Innocents at Highland Falls, West Point,' now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington; 'Embarkation of the Pilgrims,' in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington; 'The Evening of the Crucifixion'; 'Christ in the Garden'; 'Virgil and Dante Crossing the Styx'; 'Last Communion of Henry Clay'; and 'Columbus before the Council of Salamanca.' Prof. Weir was eighty-six years old, having been born in New Rochelle on June 18, 1803.

#### Art Notes

A SERIES of papers on 'The Barbizon School' is begun in the *May Magazine of Art*, with one on Narcisse Virgilio Diaz, illustrated by a portrait and two engravings after pictures, one of dogs and one of a landscape. Ford Maddox Brown describes scenes which have impressed him, and which he would have enjoyed painting, as 'Self-Painted Pictures,' meaning that they would not have needed any assistance from the artist's imagination in order to make good pictures upon canvas. An article by Frederick Wedmore, on 'Our Elder Art at the Grosvenor Gallery,' is illustrated with cuts of portraits by Reynolds, Romney and Gainsborough, the Romney being of the celebrated Lady Hamilton as Euphrosyne. 'Art in the Theatre,' shows how scenery is painted, and 'The Keppelstone Portrait Gallery,' by James Dow, introduces good likenesses of Sir Frederick Leighton, Josef Israëls, Luke Fildes, John S. Sargent, Jules Breton and Du Maurier. The frontispiece is a photogravure after Jacomb-Hood of his 'Triumph of Spring'—a group of girls, young men and children coming into an open field out of a flowery orchard.

—A large painting of 'The Good Shepherd,' intended for Dr. Agnew's church at the corner of Broad and Diamond Streets,

Philadelphia, was on private view at the studio of the artist, Mr. F. S. Lamb, this week. The new Church is an octagonal Gothic structure, joined by one of its sides to the old church edifice, now to be used as a school. Mr. Lamb's composition covers the party wall, the other sides being pierced by large doors or windows. The figure of the Shepherd is once and a half the size of life. The tone of the composition is warm and light, yellows predominating. The ogive arch above it is filled by another panel, by the same artist, containing three angels, singing.

—Mr. H. O. Havemeyer has given to the Metropolitan Museum a portrait of Alexander von Humboldt, painted in 1859 by Julius Schrader of Munich for Mr. Albert Havemeyer.

—'The jurymen appointed to select pictures by American artists in Paris for the exposition are said,' we read in the *Times*, 'to have adopted a system which has already been attacked, but has many excellent points. Instead of asking the artists to send their contributions to a certain place where the jury was assembled, they went in a body from studio to studio and selected the canvases that pleased them best. The advantages of this procedure are that paintings which are really the finest may be withheld by an artist from some whim, or because he does not know what his best work is, and that the visit itself is more of a compliment than the usual summons to send in work.'

### Boston Letter

I HAVE just had a private view of a portrait of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is to hang in the library of the Boston Medical Library Association, for which it was painted. It was here that Dr. Holmes had the reception on the occasion of his presentation of his medical library to the Association, about which I wrote several months ago. As the portrait has not yet been described in the newspapers, and as my private view was shared only by the painter, my reference to it will have the merit of freshness if no other. I must premise by saying that this is the sixth painting to which the genial Doctor has submitted, and that he is highly pleased with it. He is represented, pen in hand, in the act of composition, sitting at a dark wood desk, in an armchair upholstered in red velvet. His body is somewhat bent forward; both his hands are on the desk, and his face is looking up, as if on a quest of some striking thought or felicitous fancy. The artist, it seems to me, has happily caught Dr. Holmes's thoughtful expression, and while the picture does not give the ideal man, it is a very good representation of the real one. I was told by the painter that his principal difficulty was in depicting the Doctor's mouth, which is so mobile that a little variation from its lines would burlesque its characteristic expression. Mr. E. T. Billings, the artist, painted another portrait which immediately precedes that of Dr. Holmes in the hall of the Association. It is that of Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, the eminent authority on lung diseases and sanitary matters, who is a son of the celebrated mathematician.

Houghton Mifflin & Co. will publish about the middle of May a novel by Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, author of 'Rachel Armstrong; or, Love and Theology,' a story of the 'Robert Elsmere' type. The new book will be entitled 'A Girl Graduate.' Like its predecessor this is a story with a purpose, and considers the questions of social rank and distinction so far as these are apt to arise in a republic. The scene of the story is laid in one of the central Western States. The heroine, who comes of a poor but respectable family, has received an education which raises her above the social plane of her parents, and the difficulties and perplexities arising from the distinctions which society enforces in regard to them are developed in a forcible and interesting manner.

'The Cup of Youth, and Other Poems' is the title of a book which the same firm have nearly ready. The author is Dr. Weir Mitchell, the noted physician, who wrote 'A Masque, and Other Poems' and 'The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems.' The poems in the new volume are short, and of a thoughtful as well as imaginative cast. Considering that they were written in the intervals of exacting professional work, and that the author does not pretend to be a literary man, they are rather remarkable.

Four of Mr. Howells's farces are to be grouped in a book by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. They are 'The Sleeping Car,' 'The Parlor Car,' 'The Elevator' and 'The Register,' which have a delicate literary as well as dramatic flavor.

The opening chapters of Mr. Edwin Lassetter Bynner's serial story 'The Begum's Daughter,' in the May *Atlantic*, recall his 'Agnes Surriage' by their vivid pictures of life and manners. The old Knickerbocker characters, who differ so widely from the New Englanders of colonial days in the previous novel, are sketched with vigor, and there is a truth of local color in the descriptions which is set off by the quaint dialect and the touches of humor.

The charm of 'Agnes Surriage' is in its rare blending of historic facts with creative art, which makes the period and its characters live in the story; and I have lately seen some hitherto unpublished testimonials to its merits which seem to me eminently just. One of these is from the late James Freeman Clarke, who says: 'The book is a real success, and does as much for Massachusetts history as several volumes of the Massachusetts Historical Society's Transactions.' The historian Parkman characterizes the novel as 'a careful, able and interesting piece of work'; and the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and Dr. George E. Ellis add their testimony to its interest and value.

The new illustrated library edition of Thackeray's Works, announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in addition to being the fullest, will contain over 1600 pictures from designs by the author and by the most competent artists. A feature of the edition, which will comprise twenty-two volumes, will be the brief introductory biographical and bibliographical sketches.

Much interest is felt in the forthcoming publication by Roberts Bros. of 'A Woodland Wooing,' by 'Eleanor Putnam,' the late Mrs. Arlo Bates. It is a story of country life in Maine, and delineates some very marked and curious people. The characters are sharply defined, and the narrative animated and picturesque, and enlivened by a quaint humor which gives it a peculiar attractiveness.

A number of volumes of the popular No Name Series of novels will be published in paper covers, for the summer season, by the above-mentioned firm on May 14. The names of the authors will not be given, but I append most of them: 'Mirage,' by Miss Fletcher; 'The Tsar's Window,' by the late Mrs. Wm. Hooper; 'Marmorne,' by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; 'My Wife and My Wife's Sister,' by Mrs. Latimer; 'Afterglow,' by George Parsons Lathrop; 'A Daughter of the Philistines,' by H. H. Boyesen; 'Diane Coryval,' by the late Kathleen O'Meara; 'Her Picture,' by Mrs. Clark, a Southern lady; 'A Rambling Story,' by Mary Cowden Clarke; 'Between Whiles,' by Helen Jackson; 'Baby Rue,' by 'Charles M. Clay'; and 'Almost a Duchess.'

The second volume of Renan's 'History of the People of Israel,' which will be brought out by Roberts Bros. on May 14, is much more interesting than the first, and its abundant learning is set off by all the resources of the author's literary art, which makes even his paradoxes captivating.

Mr. George Makepeace Towle is engaged on a volume for Putnam's Great American Series on the 'Voyages and Discoveries of Samuel Champlain' and a 'Young People's History of France for Schools,' the latter for the Harpers. He is soon to bring out in book form his Lowell Institute lectures on the 'Governments of Europe,' and to collect and republish the series he has been contributing to *Harper's Young People* under the title of 'Heroes and Martyrs of Invention.' Mr. Towle has found leisure in the intervals of writing and lecturing during the past season to hold classes in English literature covering the period between Chaucer and Coleridge. The meetings, which were mostly attended by ladies, were held in parlors in the afternoon, and took the form of informal talks on the great authors, with readings from their works.

The June *Atlantic* will have an article by Horace E. Scudder on 'The State, the Church, and the School,' and as it deals with important questions of the day in a vigorous and thoughtful manner, it will attract general attention.

BOSTON, May 6, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### Current Criticism

THE DECAY OF LYING.—One of the chief causes of the curiously commonplace character of most of the literature of our age is undoubtedly the decay of lying as an art, a science, and a social pleasure. The ancient historians gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact; the modern novelist presents us with dull facts under the guise of fiction. . . . There is such a thing as robbing a story of its reality by trying to make it too true, and 'The Black Arrow' is so inartistic that it does not contain a single anachronism to boast of, while the transformation of Dr. Jekyll reads dangerously like an experiment out of *The Lancet*. As for Mr. Rider Haggard, who really has, or had once, the makings of a perfectly magnificent liar, he is now so afraid of being suspected of genius that when he does tell us anything marvellous, he feels bound to invent a personal reminiscence, and to put it into a footnote as a kind of cowardly corroboration. Nor are our other novelists much better. Mr. Henry James writes fiction as if it was a painful duty, and wastes upon mean motives and imperceptible 'points of view' his neat literary style, his felicitous phrases, his swift and caustic satire. Mrs. Oliphant prattles pleasantly about curates, lawn-tennis parties, domesticity, and other wearisome things. Mr. Marion Crawford has immolated himself upon the altar of local color. He is like the lady in the



French comedy, who is always talking about *le beau ciel d'Italie*. Besides, he has fallen into a bad habit of uttering moral platitudes. At times he is almost edifying. 'Robert Elsmere' is of course a masterpiece—a masterpiece of the *genre ennuyeux*, the one form of literature that the English people seem thoroughly to enjoy. Indeed, it is only in England that such a novel could be possible. As for that great and daily increasing school of novelists for whom the sun always rises in the East End, the only thing that can be said about them is that they find life crude, and leave it raw.—Oscar Wilde, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

**BISHOP POTTER'S MEMORABLE ADDRESS.**—The highest evidence of the timeliness, the truthfulness, and the effectiveness of Bishop Potter's address in St. Paul's Chapel on the morning of the Washington centenary is to be found in the attention it has excited and the discussion it has produced. It seems destined to be the one memorable expression of the great occasion. It is approved by all the advocates of a high standard in politics and public life; it is criticised only by those who defend or extenuate the evils at which it was aimed. . . . The evils to which Bishop Potter directed attention are real, and they are menacing to the integrity of legislation and public administration. Our people are not worse than they were a hundred years ago, but the forces that enter into public life are different and vastly more powerful. Out of them have developed portentous abuses which were not then conceived of. The doctrine of political spoils and the use of money to effect results in public action are undermining the integrity of men and the safety of institutions. We are glad to see that Bishop Potter retracts nothing of his rebuke or of his warning, and that he considers it the duty of the pulpit to 'speak out.' He is quoted as reiterating his views and declaring that the 'spoils system and its related vice, the purchase of votes, are things to be afraid of, to be jumped upon and strangled.' This is a truth that should be spoken and that should be heeded.—*The New York Times*.

**DECORATIONS IN SIDE STREETS.**—The recent celebration afforded a fresh instance of the curious contrast always visible on such occasions between the poorer and the richer quarters of the city in point of lavish decoration. All the meaner streets broke out in almost universal array, while the fashionable parts of the town made but comparatively languid display of a flag here and there. We except the line of the processions; this, of course, was decorated from end to end. But elsewhere the rule prevailed, and the poorer people dressed their streets with an expenditure of money and care not only relatively, but absolutely, greater than was thought fit for finer neighborhoods. Contrast, for example, the meagre show of the cross-streets between Fourth and Sixth Avenues with the region below Fourteenth Street and east of the Bowery. The east side was covered with decorations, the whole expanse waving with flags and strips of gay color, often ingeniously combined and draped, though poor enough in quality of texture, while pictures of Washington abounded in the windows. Scarce any house or lodging was so poor as to be without some scrap of ornament. Indeed, it seemed that the poorer streets were brightest, and the dingiest of the tenement-houses furthest outshone any of the great up-town apartment-houses. The universality of the contrast which we have indicated was really striking, and it became still more so when one reflected that it was the districts where our foreign population chiefly live which made so great a show of patriotic sentiment, or at least of national feeling.—*The Evening Post*.

### Notes

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE writes to us from Hartford, under date of May 4, as follows:—'Should it be your desire—as I presume it is—to present facts rather than fiction, you may correct a statement referring to myself which appeared in your issue of April 27th, and say that upon Mrs. Ward's final refusal of her permission to dramatize 'Robert Elsmere,' I abandoned the work. It was completed, rehearsed, and put upon the stage by other parties, and under other management. Neither early training nor considerations of a moral nature had, however, anything to do with my action in the matter.'

—'Flowers of the Night,' Mrs. Pfeiffer's new volume of poems, the publication of which was interrupted by the death of her husband in January last, is to be published by Trübner & Co. this month, we are told. It is known that Mr. Pfeiffer was virtually the editor of his wife's works, which passed out of her hands into his almost as soon as committed to paper. The issue of 'Flowers of the Night' is now resumed by his widow in accordance with his wishes.

—The home life of President Harrison and his family is the subject of a paper by Miss E. R. Scidmore in *Harper's Bazar* to be published May 17. The current issue contains drawings of the gowns worn at the Centennial Ball by the ladies who danced in the quadrille. Alonzo Stagg, the Yale pitcher, will begin a series of papers on 'Base-ball for Amateurs' in the number of *Harper's Young People* to be published May 14. The current issue gives four engravings from photographs taken immediately after the hurricane at Samoa.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce 'Days Out of Doors,' by Dr. Charles C. Abbott; and 'The Garden's Story; or, Pleasures and Trials of an Amateur Gardener,' by George H. Ellwanger.

—The Minerva Library of Famous Books, to be published by Ward & Lock and edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany, is intended to include the most popular of the longer works of great authors, to be sold at two shillings each. The first volume is Darwin's 'Journal of the Voyage of the Beagle,' the copyright of the second edition of which has just expired.

—Messrs. Scribner will soon publish the second volume of Prof. Charles W. Shields's 'Philosophia Ultima'; and 'Progress of Religious Freedom as Shown in the History of the Toleration Acts,' by the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff.

—Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, who wrote a sketch of the late Laurence Oliphant for *Blackwood's*, is engaged on a biography to be published in a separate form. She has secured the help of Mrs. Wynne-Finch, Oliphant's mother-in-law, and of other members of his family.

—The English publishers of 'The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe,' told in her own words, with numerous letters from Canon Kingsley, Mrs. Browning, Mr. Lowell, Archbishop Whately, the late Mr. Bright, and others, will be Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

—Miss Vokes and her London Comedy Company were to appear in an entirely new bill on Thursday of this week, 'The Old Musician,' 'Uncle's Will' and 'My Lord in Livery' being the comediettas chosen. These will be kept on till further notice.

—A very enjoyable concert was given at Chickering Hall on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Korbay. The popular teacher sang a number of Hungarian melodies transcribed by himself, five reed songs of his own composition, and several airs by Liszt and Brahms; and Mrs. Korbay played the sword-forging and forest-bird scenes from 'Siegfried,' various selections from Brahms and Liszt, and two 'sonatines' by Scarlatti. Mr. Korbay was heard at his best in Liszt's setting of Hugo's 'Enfant, si j'étais Roi,' and his wife in the 'sonatines' and a capriccio by Brahms. The concert was well attended by a fashionable audience, and applause was showered upon the performers without stint.

—The memoir of Richard H. Dana, undertaken by Charles Francis Adams at the request of the Historical Society of New England, will be enriched with letters and papers supplied by the family.

—'C. F. J.' of Trinity College, Hartford, writes:—'Mr. Curtis, in the March *Harper's*, seems to give Mr. Motley more credit for originality than for acquaintance with French literature. He says: "His famous *bon mot*, 'My dear father, I can spare the necessities of life, but not the luxuries,' was the voice of a changed New England." "Je suis né pour le superflus, jamais pour le nécessaire," was one of the stock epigrams of M. de Coulange (1631-1716). See Memoir on M. and Mme. de Coulange, by M. Gault de St. Germain, Paris, 1823; also, Mme. de Sévigné's letters.

—Scribner & Welford will soon bring out a second edition, limited, of S. Laing's translation of the 'Heimskringla,' revised and annotated by Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, lately United States Minister at Copenhagen.

—A complete set of first editions of Charles Lever's works was sold a few weeks ago for 275*l*.

—In an eight-page supplement to the current *Harper's Weekly*, Col. R. J. Hinton has an article on 'Prehistoric Arizona,' illustrated by Harry Fenn. The same number contains sketches of the development of Guthrie and Oklahoma City, and other scenes connected with the building up of the new Territory. The terra-cotta colored cover of the Centennial celebration number of the *Weekly* will hereafter be a permanent feature of the periodical.

—The Rev. S. F. Smith, author of 'My Country 'tis of Thee,' was tendered an informal public reception at Chicago on Wednesday evening of last week by the 19th Illinois Veteran Club, of which he is an honorary member. Dr. Smith is eighty-one years old.

—'The Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged, Being the Preliminary Report of the Committee on the Hymnal, Appointed by the General Convention of 1886,' is now before the Episcopal Church for con-

sideration. Many familiar hymns are excluded from it, and many new ones inserted in their place. Among the old favorites whose omission is likely to cause the liveliest protest are 'A Mountain Fastness is Our Lord' (Luther's 'Ein Feste Berg'), 'As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams,' 'By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill,' 'Christian dost Thou See Them?' 'Come Holy Spirit,' 'Forty Days and Forty Nights,' 'Hark! Hark, my Soul!' 'I Would Not Live Alway,' 'It Came upon the Midnight Clear,' 'Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be?' 'Tender Shepherd, Thou hast Stilled,' and 'When Marshalled on the Nightly Plain.'

—Mr. N. H. Dole writes:—'I don't know as it is worth while to make correction of the statement in THE CRITIC that I am responsible for the new and unabridged translation of "What to Do?" I was requested to edit it, the translation being from the pen of a Russian disciple of Count Tolstoi's, and having naturally some infelicities of idiom. I also wrote the preface, but I made no attempt to recast the form, which is very free in contradistinction to Miss Hapgood's version of the Swiss edition, which is almost word for word literal.'

—The Shakspeare Society of New York has elected the following officers to serve for three years:—President, Appleton Morgan; Chairman Board of Trustees, W. W. Nevin; 1st Vice-President, Prof. Thos. R. Price of Columbia; Treasurer, James E. Reynolds; Secretary, Wm. H. Fleming; Librarian, Dr. B. Rush Field.

—*Bibliotheca Platonica*, a bi-monthly 'philosophical and philological exponent of the writings of Plato and his school,' is announced by Thos. M. Johnson of Osceola, St. Clair Co., Missouri. Each number, it is promised, will register all current editions and translations of the works of Plato, Aristotle, and the Neoplatonists, and all treatises and articles relating to these philosophers or their writings.

—A sixth edition of Dobson's 'At the Sign of the Lyre' has appeared in London, revised and enlarged in order to make it the exact counterpart of 'Old-World Idylls.' The latter volume reached its eighth edition in 1888, and bids fair to enter speedily upon its ninth.

—Don José Zorrilla is to be crowned Poet Laureate of Spain at the Alhambra Palace, on the eve of his approaching sixtieth birthday. The place will be decorated in the style of the period of the Moorish Kings, the famous gardens will be illuminated, and a representative of the Queen Regent will crown the poet. The expenses of the festivities, estimated at over \$25,000, will be borne by the Duchess of Medina-Celi, one of Zorrilla's enthusiastic admirers.

—We gave on April 27 the names of the more distinguished of the contributors to the Washington Centennial number of *The Independent*. The paper has made its appearance since then, but to do more than repeat the names already given would require columns of space. It is in every respect a notable number. Even those who excuse themselves from making any formal contribution, like Gladstone and Kossuth (the letter of the Hungarian patriot, written in English, is printed in fac-simile), bear witness to their veneration of the name of Washington.

—Rider Haggard is about to make a journey to Asia Minor and Persia, visiting in turn Persepolis, Shiraz, and Bagdad in quest of local color for his new story, in which Queen Esther will probably be a conspicuous personage.

—The first book printed in New York is supposed to be a pamphlet giving the story of the controversy between New York and Connecticut. The ground for this supposition is a recently found warrant to pay Bradford, the famous colonial printer, for a pamphlet on the subject. Diligent search has been made for the pamphlet in this country, and now the British Museum is about to be overhauled to find some trace of it.

—It is said that the more valuable part of the library of the late Halliwell-Phillipps will be sold in London in June. Among the rare books is a perfect copy of the original edition (1600) of 'Much Ado About Nothing.' The last copy sold brought 267l.

—Tillotson's Newspaper Syndicate will publish Fitzgerald Mollo's forthcoming novel in October. It is said to be a briskly written sensational story, and is entitled 'How Came He Dead?' By the compulsory administration of a poison, the hero is made to do the will of his enemies, an antidote saving his life at the expense of a physical metamorphosis *à la* 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.'

—At a meeting of the Matthew Arnold Memorial Committee, held on the 12th of April, Archdeacon Farrar in the chair, it was stated that 6,840l was in hand, including 1,000l from America. Of this sum, 1,763l was for the general purposes of the fund, 4,902l for Mrs. Arnold, and 174l for a bust in the Abbey. The Committee recommended that 600 guineas should be paid for a bust,

and the remainder invested in the names of Mrs. Arnold's trustees under her marriage settlement for her benefit. Lord Justice Coleridge moved that the recommendation should be adopted. A considerable portion of the 600 guineas would, he said, have to be paid to the Abbey in fees for the placing of the memorial. Mr. Robert Browning seconded the motion, which was passed.

—The present year is the two-hundredth since the birth of Samuel Richardson, and it is proposed that the occurrence be properly observed by the publication of a popular edition of his works, and by placing a brass tablet in St. Bride's Church, London, recording his burial there.

—'Lovers of fine books will have a good time before the month is over,' cables Edmund Yates to the *Tribune*. 'Thursday, May 23, is the day fixed for the sale of rare manuscripts from the Hamilton collection, that until lately has been in possession of the Royal Museum at Berlin. The list consists of ninety-one manuscripts dating from the Seventh to the Seventeenth Century. Each volume has a history.'

—Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning, Secretary for many years of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, has been admitted as a member of the firm of W. L. Greene & Co. of Boston, proprietors of *The Congregationalist*, and will before long become associated with Dr. Dexter in the editorship of that well-established religious weekly.

—*The Evening Post* has issued in a little pamphlet, sold at one cent per copy, Bishop Potter's centennial address at St. Paul's on Tuesday, April 30.

—The library of Prof. Charles E. West, M.D., LL.D., of Brooklyn, a well-known instructor, antiquary and collector, is to go under the hammer at the sale-rooms of Bangs & Co. on Monday, May 20, and the following four days. The Scandinavian collection of that distinguished scholar, the late George P. Marsh, is included in it; and it is particularly rich, also, in works relating to art and archaeology. Dr. West has been gathering these treasures for a period of sixty-five years, and has found a delight in acquiring them, so he tells us in an introductory note to the catalogue, which he hopes will be shared by their new possessors. The titles number 3186. The library is one of the finest private collections in Brooklyn, and its dispersion will attract the attention of all book-lovers in this part of the world. Dr. West is to receive the honor this (Saturday) evening of a complimentary dinner, to be given by the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn, which has already, this season, paid similar compliments to Secretary Tracy, Commodore Ramsay and Mr. James S. T. Stranahan. Dr. West who is eighty years of age and has been engaged in teaching for at least sixty years, intends to pass his remaining days in Buffalo.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- |  |                            |                                      |
|--|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Appleton's Dictionary of New York and its Vicinity.  | 30c.                       | D. Appleton & Co.                    |
| Atwood, I. M. Revelation.  | 25c.                       | Boston: Universalist Pub. House.     |
| Austen, Peter T. Chemical Lecture Notes.   | \$1.                       | John Wiley & Sons.                   |
| Barnes, C. E. A Disillusioned Occultist.   | 50c.                       | Willard Fracker & Co.                |
| Barnes, C. E. Digby: Chess Professor.  | 50c.                       | Willard Fracker & Co.                |
| Bert, Paul. Primer of Scientific Knowledge.  | 36c.                       | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.         |
| Birkhead, W. H. Changing Moods.  | \$1.25.                    | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.              |
| Boyesen, H. H. Vagabond Tales.   | \$1.25.                    | Boston: D. Lothrop Co.               |
| Burbank, W. H. Phonographic Printing Methods.  | \$1.                       | Scovell & Adams Co.                  |
| Cooke, Frances E. Story of Theodore Parker.  | \$1.                       | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.              |
| Crowquill, Alfred. The Laughing Philosopher.   | \$1.25.                    | Phila.: Gebbie & Co.                 |
| Durand, John. New Materials for the History of the American Revolution.                        | \$1.75.                    | Henry Holt & Co.                     |
| Emerson, E. W. Emerson in Concord.   | \$1.75.                    | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.      |
| Esperanto, Dr. An Attempt toward an International Language.                                    | Tr. by Henry Phillips, Jr. | 25c.                                 |
| Genung, John F. Hand-Book of Rhetorical Analysis.  | \$1.25.                    | Boston: Ginn & Co.                   |
| Gery, Maxwell. The Reproach of Anesley.  | 75c.                       | D. Appleton & Co.                    |
| Leidy, J. Elementary Treatise on Human Anatomy.  | \$6.                       | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.         |
| Luce, Robert. Writing for the Press.   | 50c.                       | Boston: Writer Pub. Co.              |
| Merriam, G. S. The Story of William and Lucy Smith.  | \$2.                       | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.      |
| Murray, W. H. H. Deacons.  | 75c.                       | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.              |
| Murray, W. H. H. The Story that the Keg told Me and the Story of the Man Who Didn't Know Much. | \$1.50.                    | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.              |
| Nelson, R. E. Dorance.   | 75c.                       | John B. Alden.                       |
| Oman, J. Campbell. Indian Life.  | \$1.75.                    | Phila.: Gebbie & Co.                 |
| Potter, Bishop H. C. Centennial Address.   | 12c.                       | <i>The Evening Post</i> .            |
| Pratt, Ellen F. Jerry.   | 75c.                       | John B. Alden.                       |
| Salter, W. M. Ethical Religion.  | \$1.50.                    | Boston: Roberts Bros.                |
| Seymour, Thomas D. Homeric Vocabulary.   | 75c.                       | Boston: Ginn & Co.                   |
| Shapley, R. E. Solid for Mulhooly. II. by Thos. Nast.  | 75c.                       | Phila.: Gebbie & Co.                 |
| Smith, Albert. The London Medical Student.   | 50c.                       | John B. Alden.                       |
| Temple, Sir Richard. Lord Lawrence.  | 60c.                       | Macmillan & Co.                      |
| Timso, Robert. An Alien from the Commonwealth.   | \$1.50.                    | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.              |
| Trent, W. P. English Culture in Virginia.  | \$1.                       | Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. |
| Walworth, Mrs. J. H. Baldy's Point.  | 50c.                       | Cassell & Co.                        |
| Washington's Rules of Civility, etc.   | Ed. by J. M. Toner.        | 50c.                                 |
| Washington's Rules of Civility, etc.   | Ed. by J. M. Toner.        | 50c.                                 |
| Washington's Rules of Civility, etc.   | Ed. by J. M. Toner.        | 50c.                                 |
| Wheeler, W. A. Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction.                                       | \$2.                       | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.      |
| Wisconsin, Proceedings of the 26th Annual Meeting of the State Historical Society.             | Madison: R. G. Thwaites.   |                                      |
| Woodman, A. J. Picturesque Alaska.   | \$1.                       | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.      |